

Plodding homeward along, alone,
aching from head to blistered toe,
I am too tired to resist what this landscape insists:
that the sure certainties of time and place
could be hounded by a scatter of boulder and stone.
Surely a handy hill however passive
can grandly transcend into the uncanny
- it just cannot - or can it?
Could the rain-filled clouds be the ghosts of granite?
Both make the denied silence massive,
How I admire the rewards of this granite solitude
that you must drift in like evaporating mist;
how they cluster in the stone circle of a ruined house
facing each other and talking through lunch
secure in the primary columns of their survival nothing
that stab and clash and flash across the landscape.
I survive by withstanding the willed madness for the fabulons
in a kingdom of stone: this is a religion where
you feel far more than alone.
They hack and batter and clutter their way through the day
fortified by the camaraderie and bad jokes of avoidance;
their fortress will keep it out, ~~out~~ out there, not here,
in the nothingness where it matters, where it adheres
to the inner void of matter with refreshing emptiness.
When the cover of my rucksack blew away in the gale
somewhere between Westmørgate and the toolshed,
I loathed the thought that a plastic insult of the present
was disfiguring the grand status of this battered everywhere.
Common sense bated me, insisted I should not bother searching;
instead I did not bother trying
but wandered in a confident straight line wherever
and walked right up to where it was presented to me waiting.
A week later I lost a plastic bag in the wind,
Because I did not need it I hardly even tried to retrieve it.

An hour later I watched frozen in slow motion
as my hand was crushed

between two brutal slabs of granite;
I made the inevitable improper connection
while common sense howled its denision
at such wise superstition.

Today the boulders mediate their complex greys
like minor gods ordering chaos,
the darker darkness of objective facts
banished to the cross of their leonard shadows.

Tired stones fling from heaven, mired in carpets and dung,
walkon in their shallow impact with our reality,
exacerbating the tragic groundbars of mortality.

How I adore their blunt clumsiness
as they shunt each other downslope
poised like noiseless fossil-grey surf.

Like enormous bulldozers vaguely waiting to be born.

They endme, ~~uniting~~ uniting the past and present into a tense unknown;
excavated by archaeologists,

secrets extroverted by an introvert professor
whose wrapped stones and fluorescent flags
regress to expressions of magic culture...

And I confess from my own faltering shadows
that when the white light flutters
the windward altar of a monolith

haloed in yellow hicken, something intensely ting
but far more mighty than mountains happens -
the scene is hallowed.

For mica far more than merely brightens
it ignites

and likens to the light far brighter than bright.